## Daily & Eagle

AFTER THE SNOW STORM.

Each tall fir stands in white array, a Each tall fir stands in white array, a
A keen north wind is Phisting by,
The clouds take wing and sail away,
Like huge gray birds, across the sky;
While through the peature, bleak and cold,
A stream's black windings I can trace, And o'er you mountain, rugged, bold, The new moon shows a frosty face. —Herbert Eashd in Cuting.

#### MIDST BATTERED FACES.

Somehow it was my boyish ambition to be numbered with the newspaper makers; thus I learned the printer's trade. I might, perhaps, have done better in the tinsmith line; but what poetry was there in curving joints of stove pipe? What inspiration in mending greasy milk cans and grimy ten pots? Yet the presaic boy went to work with the soldering iron when I went to sticking types, married the belle of the village and owns the best house in town, while I-ah, well! I am pointed out as the distinguished author of "An Ode to a Pin," with no house at all and

a chattel mortgage on all my bachelor effects!

I blossomed out in journalism, after servlog a due apprenticeship, as the sole editor and proprietor of The Gad Hollow Spectator printed in a sleepy little town in Western New York. The village had some prospects of future greatness when I launched The Speciator, but the great Duradogo railrow that was to give the place a boom adopted another route, and the proud hopes of Gad Hollow were forever crushed.

One night late in October I turned the key in my office door and started down the deserted street for my lodgings. I had passed the livery barns and was making good headway up the dilapidated sidewalk, when I heard a voice calling me. Turning, I sawfor the moon was at its zenith-a lad approaching me from the opposite side of the street on what is vulgarly called a dog trot.

"You're the ink slinger of The Speciator, ain't yer?" said the boy evidently in some sess of mind. I recognized my interrogator as a strange lad who had drifted into town in the early summer, who "chored it" here and there and

made his home in the cast off box of an old stage coach long since removed from its trucks and laid to rest among the tail weeds by the roadside. This temporary abode of the youthful tramp was variously dubbed as "The Arlington," "The Ark," "The Friendly Inn," and some ironically disposed persons, Singing away all reverence, even went so far as to call it "The Saint's Rest," for the los-pitable tenant, Master Jap, gave lodgings to pilgrims mostly bibulous characters, who in their cups feared to go home and face a world -or rather a frowning

poose.
I assured the lnd that I was the veritable ink slinger, and be continued:

Well, sir, there's a strange man a shiver in' over'n the ark-shiverin' as though his bones would rattle out of his hide and come seltin' down on the floor like hall stones. And do you mind, sir, how cold it is?' The boy was himself shivering, and the dead grass, stiff and gray with frost, crackled under his feet as be twisted back and forth upon his

"It is rather bracing," I replied, sinking my hands still deeper into my pockets. 'Now I were thinkin'," continued the lad,

"as how we might give the poor fellow better accommodations for the night by dumping him inter your office by the fire. Of course, him the best in The Arlington Senator Turntable's own private parior—an' covered him up the best I could with an old cart wheel, but there's a spoke or two broken out of the wheel an' must let in a heap of cold."

I could not help smiling at the boy's drollery, nor from feeling somewhat solicitous about the stranger under the cart wheel, in which wheel there were sundry spokes missing; so Jap and I started for the Ardington.

On arriving at the inn, so called, I beheld a very thin man snuggled in a corner, hugging himself tightly, as if to concentrate what little heat there was left in the various and remote parts of his long, lank body. had never before seen so thin and wasted a form. The face, closely shaven, appeared all eyes and foreboad—and such eyes! so dark and so luminous. I had no sconer beheld the stranger than I resolved to give him better accommodations in The Spectator office. He could at least sit by the fire. If the thin gentleman should even run off with the ednormal shears and the paper come out a day late on account of the thorn, I'd let him in and abide the consequences, "Come," said 1, addressing the stranger,

"we have a more comfortable place for you. The man did not answer, but arose and stepped feebly forth from the box. Jap and I led the way and soon had him inside the office. I sat before him a bottle of stomach bitters (taken on an advertising contract) and some broken victuals, the residue of v noorday lunch. I also made a bed on the floor of old newspapers and replenished the fire with counts of wood. When Jap and I left the office the man sat by the stove looking wonderingly about upon the types and printing transits. I asked Jap to share the comforts of the office, but he declined, saying he pre-

ferred his old nest at the inn. I arose earlier than usual the next morning and hastened to the office to turn out my lodger. To my surprise the place was al ready vacated-my guest had absconded. Had the thin man ventured too near the open draught of the stove and been speked into the fire! Had be gone up the fine in vapor? As I was not ouite sure that he was at all mortal, I did not long barrow my feelings with the thought. If he were indeed a ghost, he subtless made his exit through the key hole; if mortal, be could easily have clambered on at the window. Nothing appeared to be disturbed, and I went about cleaning up the sliop congratulating myself that no one, save Jup, would know of my necturnal visitor.

It was publication day, and all was bustle nised the office till The Speciator was printed and sent forth to gladden the hearts of its numerous readers. Then the printers, mys if with them, mounted their stock, and with a sigh of relief commenced filling their

"What infernal nonsense is this?" exclaimed B.A., the foreman, rising to a perpendicular on the rounds of his high chair, and gazing at the partition wall just above his case. "It's the most incoherent conglomeration of jingle and prose that I ever beheld. Blast it! There's something uncauny about it. One would think a corpse had been prowling

Following Bob's eye, I beheld a scrap of paper pasted to the wall, on which were writ-ten in bold characters the following mysteri-

TATER VINE Hated, hunted and be ranted— bead as "Laz," but never planted, Wander i

Entembed midst battered faces, Broken bads and bent up spaces— In the "pt,"
To be stary,
Leave 1

My heart. [ 1 shall not be belied.

Throw in all dead matter. "A prank of the kid," said one of the com

Bob pronounced it the work of old Sile Brown, the ignatic, while I thought of my goostly lodger and said never a word. Well," said Bob, "I gress we'll let the trawl remain as a specimen of high art ver-effection. Grim wanderer," he added pathe ally, "may you never be boiled"-at least, not so extensively as was poor old

But I made up my mind that the paper should come down; so, one day, I loosened a corner of it with my composing rule, when, to my great fright, down came a shower of morter upon my detensives pairs. A yard or more of hanging plaster had tumbled from the colling. Nover from that time forth did I kay sacrilegious hands upon that

Some time along in midwinter a traveling compositor struck town, and was given a temporary "sit" on The Spectator. He was a veteran at the case, and had evidently seen a good deal of the world. Like all of his class, our new man was a most entertaining conversationalist, and together we spent the evenings smoking our pipes around the old office stove, while he talked of far countries, of people of note, of footlight favorites, of brakemen who had kindly permitted him to snuggle himself in the corner of a coal car as he journeyed, with empty pockets, from one int to another in search of work. Extolling the philanthropse brakeman, in one of our siestas, he rounded up his glowing tribute "When Tatervine Joe meets by exclaiming: a smutty faced brakeman he meets a brave heart, a true heart-rough it may be, but full to overflowing with the milk of human "Tatervine Joe," said I. "who's Tatervine

"Well, sir, I'm Tatervine Joe-that is, I'm known by that cognomen to many of the craft. I used to sing the grasshopper and tatervine song with such true artistic feeling, that I became so entangled in the vine that it stock to me long after the boys refused to

ten more to my melodious ditty."
"Tatervine," said I, "I've got a song for you to sing. It has awaited your coming a good while." And I led him to the myserious writing on the wall over Bob's case. The new compositor read the lines and, turning to me with mostened eyes, said:

"I will tell you a short story. Two men, both type stickers, once left New Orienns for the diamond fields of South America. They tunes. One never was married; the other was a young widower, who left behind, in the care of a relative, a sweet little maiden over whose head four summers had flown. The father idolized the child. He, of the two adventurers, went forth with a purpose. To gain for the child was his one motive in life. He worked hard and fortune favored him. Of the two who returned after five years' toll and privation, be, the father, had treasboth money and sparkling gens. But, alast the relative into whose keeping the child was intrusted had died. Of the girl no trace could be found. Some affirmed that she, too, was dead. This broke the fond father's heart and quite turned his head,

"He searched for his child, but in vain. "To think,' said he, 'of robbing myself of the sumhine of her presence so many years for the paltry treasures of the mine-one loving smile from her hips would buy them all! Ah, continued be, 'I once had a heart of fiesh-it has turned to crystal now. In my bosom I shall put these fateful stones. Though light, they seem to crush me. I will carry them unseen, in pensoce. I set my heart on them: they shall now sit on my heart-yea, they shall be my beart. Henceforth I am dead? The man grew thin and wasted, and he wandered afar. His friend saw him last some three years ago. Later, he received a letter from the wanderer. It was mostly an incoherent muddle-the stony heart was crushing him—the imps of darkness coveted his bones—they would bell him into glue—of the gine they would make an inking roller and spread darkness over the face of the heavens.

"Hold on, Tatorvine," said I, "the riddle is solved. You are the friend; and this," pointing to the scrawl, "is the wanderer's latest message to you." Then I told him of my thin lodger of that cold October night. "He's buried his heart-his burdensome treasure-las diamonds in your 'hell box,'

"— midst battered faces, Broken leads and bent up spaces," said Tatervine. "There's a Providence in that," he continued, "for I have found his long lost daughter.1

Sure enough, there in the receptacle for old and broken types, incased in a small can-vas sack, were the "shiners" and the follow-

DEAR TATERVINE: As you migrate it is possible that you may strike this place. I bury my heart in this box. You may End it. It will not be bur-densome to you. The accursed diamonds are yours if Bessie is dead. If you find them not, they may be a benefit to the poor lad who is try-ing to run a first class paper in this weeksgone town. He was kind to me, but you have always been my friend. I shall not be boiled: I go to Niagara Fulls to-merrow. You know what be-comes of morbid people who go to the falls.

Bessie got the diamonds, I never heard anything more of poor Tom. -Jasper Henderson in Democrat and Chroni-

Juvenile Plokpockets.

An incident in the experience of a shopper indicates the presence in the city of some one proficient in the training of "Artful Dodgers." A lady was going up Illinois street recently, just as it was growing dark, and was addressed by two little girls, who ran cut from a doorway and trotted along by her side. "Lady, lady," said one, in a piping voice, "will you please untie this string! I can't do it myself." The child had on a cape, fastened with strings, tied in a series of hard knots, "I stooped," said the lady, "to unfasten them, and worked industrionsly at the task for a minute or two without success. The other girl pressed close to my side, but I thought nothing of it, even when I saw the flash of a bandkerchief in her hand. At that instant the little one I was trying to assist said: 'Never mind any longer, lady; I will get somebody else to untie the rau as rapidly as their logs could fly. A moment later I missed my handkerchief, which I had slipped into my clonk pocket when I stooped to reach the knots. The unoccupied girl had taken it, and the tightly fastened cope was morely a ruse to withdraw my attention."-Indianapolis Journal.

What "Network" Is. Mr. Georga G. Channing, writing of old times in Newport, R. I., mentions the introduction of seines for the catching of men-

The same twine was imported from Europe, and the somes were manufactured by persons experienced in "network." One day, while examining Johnson's octavo Dictionary, I noticed this word "network," and stopped to read the old pedant's definition

I was a mere boy, and, unturally, was more perplexed with the definition than I ever had been with the word itself. Indeed, the terms of the delication frightened me so that I had not the courage to look them up. and I proceeded to learn the definition by heart, meaning to use it whenever I felt like making a display of my learning. Here it is:
"Network: anything reticulated, decussated, between the interstices of the inter-sections"—Youth's Companion.

Architect-Now, sir, do you wish any bow

windowsf Pater-Bean windows! Well, I should say I did. Put in one for every danguter I have

Wasn't Particular. Mrs. H.-Maggie, where do suppose you will go to if you tell such falsehoods as this?

Maggie-Sure, ma am, I don't care; I have friends in aythur place. -Harvard Lampoon. A Scientific Mind. "Are you fond of Wagnerian opera, Mr.

"Yes; I never cared for music."-Life. What He Took Her For.

A little year had not gone by Since he did she were wed, But angry words were coming fast, And trouble seemed to spread. And then, "What do you take me for?" She cried in accounts ferse. "You ought to know, my dear," said be, "For better or for worse." OUR LITTLE QUEEN.

Could you have seen the violets That biosecued in her eyes, Could you have bired the golden hair And drank those boly sighs,

You would have been her tiring maid As joyfully as I, Content to dress your little queen And let the world go by.

Could you have seen those violets Hide in their graves of snow, Drawn all that gold slong your hand While she lay smiling so.

Oh! you would tread this weary earth As heavily as I. As heavily as I<sub>4</sub>
Content to grasp her little grave
And let the world go by.

—Overland Monthly.

HECLA.

When nature made the twins, Lucy and Sara Knight, she blundered in baste or careleseness, or was guilty of a practical joke upon highly respectable and unimaginative percents. It was patent to mother, norse and souls, by the time the children were six months old. When they were grown, it was a standing jest in a community just then addicted to "Pinafore," that the facetious

Their twinship seemed absurd, even to casual acquaintances. Not a feature or trick of tone or manner betrayed it. Lucy was a tall bennette and Junoesque in build. The curl of the short upper lip was pride incarnate, ber deep, gray eyes had black shadows in their deptirs; she bore her head aloft and walked queens should; her contraito voice had a sub-tone of represent passion, so inconsistent with the trite propriety of her speech, that people were surprised and provoked when they could elicit nothing else. She looked like a Meden whose very calms were deadly, and portended tempest. Her family knew her as an amiable pack horse, her friends as the meekest and shyest of social lay figures, conscientious to a fault, patient to a mir-

"You have no more character than a bowl of vanilla junket!" said Sara, flewely, to ber one morning, as they talked over a party they had attended the previous evening.

Most people spoite of Lucy as "Sara's sister," despite her superiority in size, and the fact that she had preceded her twin into the world by half an hour. The lesser ruled the larger, as Titania ruled Peastod and Cobweb. Sora was the fairest of blondes, and petite. Her hair would have been flaxen but for the golden glints upon the waves; her eyes were wide and pure blue; her lips cherry ripe; her cheeks had the violet flush, at once soft and clear, one revels over in the heart of a Katherine Mermit rose. From sunny poli to twinkling toes, she was alive and ele the sauciest, daintlest, daringest sprite that ever turned a lover's head and shooked a

While Lucy sowed now upon a long white seam, her exquisitely molded hand drawing the thread out in slow lengths with rhytomic regularity, her sister and sovereign, perched anon the head of a founge close by, twittered like a sun bleached limet.

"Milk and water is some tarters by comparison," she continued, nipping and rending with her pink nails a water fily snatched from a bowlful upon Lucy's washstand.

Dan Hyde had sent them, an bour before, and the present tirade sprang up from this circumstance.

"Why, I just couldn't keep it to myself another minute. Day would murder me if he knew I had let out his secret. He charged me not to breathe it to anybody-least of all to you-you ungrateful, non-susceptible alabaster slab! He calls you his 'still, pale angel?' I don't believe angels' velus run iced glycerine. Lucy Knight! if you don't blush, or prick your finger, or break your needle, or do something abnormally like other peo ple, I shall fall upon you and tear you limb from bmb! I verily believe this flower has more human feeling than you. You take the news that one of the finest fellows in town loves you to distraction as coolly as if I had said: 'Lucy, do you know that water lilies have yellow centers!"

Lucy did not lift her eyes, or intermit the you of me, and he was very kind to say them."

In wrath that would not wait for words to convey it, Sara fluid the multreated hily at "white work." She picked it up, looked at it as if to see whether or not it could be repaired, and apparently deciding that it was hopelessly injured, dropped it into the waste paper bashet, and went on setting minute stitches. Sara swung her toe against a chair

"I don't see what he sees in such a construction of starch and plaster to care for," she jerked out. "It did not seem so prepos terous while he was telling me in the servatory-and the band was playing soft love music—how he had loved you for three years, and could never get near enough to you to intimate the truth. He looked so miser able, and tragic and nice that I couldn't bely saying what a perfectly lovely disposition you have, and how helpful and unsellisk you are, and how devoted I am to you, and that nothing would please me more than to have him for a brother. There: I am glad of it?" in savage sincerity."

Lucy had run the point of the needle under her nail. Her brows contracted and her whitening him were pressed closely together as she dipped the wounded member in the bowl of water and then stanched the blood with her handkerchief.
"It does bleed, doesn't it?" remarked Sara,

cool and malicious. "That does surprise me somewhat."

In the next second she collapsed into an nexpected bunch of blue foulard and flaxen fluff upon the "white work," and, burying her tearful face in Lucy's fichu, begged ber to "forgive her for all the despicably abominable things she had said."

Lucy fondled her sliently, as she might a "I know you don't mean all you say, dear." she said, with unmoved gentleness. "And it is awkwardness, not ingratitude, that makes me seem ungracious. I am not quick of speech as you are. Or of wits, either, for that matter. You must bear with what can't

"And you will be kind to Dan when be asks you to marry him, won't you!" pleaded the other, with wet ever and trembling mouth. "He will at the first opportunity. He said so. And he is so doubtful of your feelings that a slight rebuil will drive him away from the subject. You see, Ln. you never had an offer and don't understand how much encouragement a modest man needs in

not guess bow it searched the dark, still face, flickered over Lucy's forehead.
"Since he did not menn for you to speak of to let the matter drop here and try not to think of it again?" she said, in her level tones,

or you'll lose aim to a dead certainty."

as she picked up the white work and gave it a little shake to get out the creams Sara's weight had left in it. Sara stared at her in intensest scorn. "If I say another word I'll be sorry for it," she uttered in desperate composure, and flung

herself out of the room.

At 9 o'clock that evening the girls were in the drawing room. Amity was completely restored, and Lucy was playing a diligently correct accompaniment to Sara's singing when Dan Hyde entered. Both sisters saw that they should finish the song Sara smiled with her eyes and nodded, warbling apprint.

ly all the while. Grave Later's Hogers were as obedient as in stitch setting. Time and tame were accurate. Her playing was like her voice in speaking—mechanical, yet holding vague intimations of an imprisoned soul.

The brilliant little blonde had an inspiration, and a bit of swife neigraphy went on behind Lucy's back. Neither of the respond-ents thought of the mirror, in which the

dumb show was repeated.
Within fifteen minutes after the three sat down together Dan had asked Sara for a book he had lent her, and she had flown upstairs to get it before Lucy could offer to do Attica, Garden Plate, stairs to get it before Lucy could offer to do the errand.

The elder sister sat down again on the opposite side of the fire from the visitor, with an inarticulate murant of emburrasment he mistook for dissatisfaction. Her face was as fine and cool as a marbie Minerva's. She leaned back in her chair, her beautiful hands overlapping one another at the wrists, and relieved artistically by the maroon of her velvet gown. She looked altogether com-posed and a trifle weary. Heavy rain had come on with the night, and in the dead, brief silence succeeding Sara's flight they heard the wash and taud of the wind driven flood against wall and window.

Dan Hyde might not be a confident lover, visitors that she had misplaced the infant but his was not the faint heart that never South and Southeast. wins. He led off tolerably well.
"How cozily delignated home and fireside are on a night like this!" he began, in a natural, colloquial strain.

"Very," responded Lucy, dryly. "It makes one long for a home of his own," was the wood's next advance. Lucy's face paled and staffened. She gazed stendily into the ruddy palpitations of the grate, and could not have spoken to save her

At that exact instant an ignited lump of Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars. coal rattled from the top of the beap into the fender, and both stooped for the tongs. Dan secured them, picked up the fragments, laid them in place, restored the tongs to the rack, crossed the rug, and took a chair beside Lucy's Another clatter called his eyes to the unlocky fire. The tongs had slipped their moorings and lay kicking widely on the hearth. As quickly as her sister could have moved Lucy sprang forward, set them up, and crossing the rug in her turn, took a straight backed reception chair, toe whole width of the hearth distant from her suiter. Dan's face glowed like the hottest coals, to which Lucy's eyes went back with a show of tranquii interest, then it paled to the bue of Free Reclining Chair Co

"I would be a conceited fool if I did not understand why you did that, Miss Knight," he said, hushily. "I came here to-night to say something to you which I see you are not willing to hear. I have too much respect for you to torment you with an unwelcome suit. Good night, Lucy! God bless you!"

He took up the impassive fingers that lay like ice in his. With such an effort as the dying make to speak she forced three word through her throat: "I am sorry!"

"I know you are sorry for my disappointment. You have nothing to reproach your-self with. You never lured me on to a proposal. You are all noble, all maidenly, Good-by again!"

It took Sara sixty-seven minutes by the

ball clock to look for the borrowed volume, and then she presented heself below stairs, empty handed. Lacy sat alone by the dying fire. The wind howled fiendishly, and his\* ing drops of hall found their way down the

"Where is Dan?" Sara stopped just within the door to ejeculate. "He went away soon after you left us," said Lucy, indifferently, or dreamily.

"Lucy Knight! if you have sent him off, I will never forgive you! I prepared you for what he had to say?"

If Lucy over sneered, there was a sneer

now upon her proud mouth. She dragged herself to her feet, which felt dead and queer. Sitting so long in the straight backed chair had cramped her limbs. But she walked firmly across the room to shut the piano. "Perhaps you prepared me a little toe well!" she said. "We will not speak of it again. Mr. Hyde has nothing to complain of, nor have I. How it rains! I hope the

sashes are locked all over the bouse." Dan Hyde was the bridegreem. Among the first to follow the congratulatory relatives, when the ceremony was over, came the twin

"I congratulate you, Mr. Hyde," she said, in her low, rich monotone, looking him di-rectly in the eyes. She could not say less. She never wasted words.

A New England man whom his best friend described as a "volcino shot up in an ice berg," once spoke to me of his "agony of incommunicableness." Let those whose channels of speech are

deep and free, connecting, without obstrucing received and a servew withheld.
"That girl should have been christened Heela!" said Dan Hydelsquick sighted, warm hearted wife to him after the bridal call paid

to them by the sisters. Dan laughed lightly. He was a sensible, practical fellow and very much in love with

his second choice. "The volcage is the work of your imagination, my pet. Or, if you are in the right, life is too short to be spent in thawing a thousand feet of ice upon the chance of finding tire at the lossom,"-Marion Harland in

New York Ledger. Hats at the Seciable.

The senior partner of a large wholesale house here is a piller of one of the big churches, and he is always endeavoring to interest his minor employes in religion. He invites them up to the sociables as a starter, filis them full of oysters and ice cream, and then reuts them a sitting in the church. A few weeks ago he tackled one of his entry clerks, whom every one in the store thought was beyond redemption, and sailed him to attend a sociable in the church pariors on the following evening. The young man knew that the first of the year—the time when salhe told the shipping clerk after the "old man" take in the sociable to please the head of the house. Well, he did so. Wore his new ping hat and was "dressed in his best suit of clothea." He was warmly greeted by the "old man" when became from the cost room, and was introduced all around as a possible brand to be plucked from the burning. He met many pretty girls, and lingered late at

the ice cream table.

When he showed up at the store the next morning he had on a most disreputable look-ing plug hat, and his associates united in a ores of "Wiere did you get that hat?" Said the young man: "Got if up at the socia-ble last night. Didn't leave until late and this was the only hat left in the cost room." The boys all laughed at him and one of them said: "I suppose you go to no more socia-bles?" But the wily entry clerk grinned and looked wise. Just one week later he turned up at the store with a brand new, glossy tile. When questioned he said: "Went to the sociable again just night, but I only staid ten minutes. I waited until every one was in the pariors, and then I went into the coat room and nailed this bat. It was the best in the place. But I take no more of those chances, and will drop the sociables and take chances on my wages next year."—Chicago Herald.

Mrs. Heavywaite—Just to think!—Bibel Redingote—so intelligent, you know!—pour Heavywaite is brutej-What has she done!

Marries an Italian modernan!
"No; she fajled in the civil service exami-

OLIVER BROS., Dealers in

### LUMBER

WICHITA, KANSAS.

-YARDS AT-Anthony, Arkansas City, Andale and Haven.

# RAILWAY.

The most popular route to Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and all points East and North, also to Hot Springs, Ark, New Orleans, Florida and all points

SOLID DAILY TRAINS -BETWEEN-St Louis, Kansas City, Pueblo and

Denver, -WITH-

COLORADO SHORT LINE The Shortest Route to St Louis

-VIA THE-

#### 5-DAILY TRAINS-5 BINDING.

Kansas City to St Louis. Free Reclining Chair Cars H. C. TOWNSEND.



Fead and Advertise in our Want Column

LAWYERS.

Just completed and for sale. ATTORNEYS FOR EXT DOUGLET, can be used in any State and in any Cent. (Convirtabled 1984.) The most complete source of the control of the contr THE WICHITA EAGLE,

DAVIDSON & CASE.

John Davidson, Pioneer Lumberman, Of Sedgwick County. - ESTABLISHED IN 1870. →

A Complete Stock of Pine Lumber, Shin gies, Lath, Doors, Sash, etc., always on hand.

J. P. ALLEN.

#### =DRUGGIST=

Everything Kept in a First-Class

Drug Store.

108 EAST DOUGLAS AVENUE

Blank charters and all kinds of leg

Wichita. Kansas

Blank charters
blanks for sale by
THE WICHITA EAGLE,
Wichita, Kaussa F. S. DENNIS. -The Old Reliable and Only-

CITY SCAVENGER - Cheaper than the Cheapest.

All Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

Fersons wanting this kind of work, can dr. p. a card in Scareinger Box, N. E. Cor. Fourth and Doughas aves; S. E. cor Central ave. and Main st; S. E. cor Chicago and Sycamore aves; N. E. cor Doughas and Mais or call at office. Res. 728 N. Waco ave. Telephone 335. Wichita, Kan School Records, Etc.

#### SMITHSON & CO., Successors to Angio-American Loan and Investment Company.

NO. 117 EAST DOUGLAS AVE.

Land, Loan and Insurance Agents. Money always on hand. Interest at low rates. No delay. Before making a loan on Farm, City Chattel or Personal security call and see us. Come in or send full description of your farm or city property. We handle large amounts of both eastern and foreign capital for investment in real e tate, and are thus enabled to make rapid sales. to make rapid sales.

Correspondence solicited.

H. L. SMITHSON, Manager.

Keep This for Future Reference.

Reep This for Future Reference.

The Fort Scott, Wichita & Western railway "Missouri Pacific Roune" is the only line running solid trains through from Wichita to Kansas City and St., Louis, Leaving Wichita at 945 p. m. you grive at Kansas City next morning at 7 o'clock, Pullman palace sleeping and free reclining chair cars through to Kansas City and St. Louis without change. Remember if you go via the Fort Scott Route you are not dependent on main line counseyou go via the Fort Scott Route you are not dependent on main line connections at Junction Point, but you go right through on solid trains. This is the only route whose main line runs through Wichlitz. All trains are made up here and run through solid to Kansas City and St. Louis lt is the shortest line to St. Louis by 48 miles and two hours the quickest. Two trains daily to St. Louis and all points east. Ticket office 137 North Main street. Depot corner Second and Wichita streets.

E. BLEGELET.

# THE WICHITA EAGLE

Lithographers, Publishers, Printers, Stationers, Binders, and Blank Book Makers.

JOB PRINTING.

one of the most complete Job Printing Offices in the State. Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Cards, Catalogues, Price Lists, Premium Lists, Stock Certificates, Checks, Drafts, Book Printing, etc. News and Job Printing of all kinds.

LITHOGRAPHING. All branches of Lithographing, Bonds, Checks, Drafts, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Cards, etc. We

have first-class designers and engravers. Wedding Invitations and Announcement Cards,

Luncheon Cards, Calling Cards, etc.

BLANK BOOKS.
Blank Books of all kinds made to order, Bank, City, County, and commercial work a specialty. Sole agents for Kansas, Oklahoma and the Indian Territory for Bronson's Patent Automatic Level Joint Binding. Endorsed by book-keepers, bankers and county officers. Nothing made equal to it for strength and flat opening. Will open at any page, and lie perfectly flat when opened at any part of the book, permitting writing across both pages as easily as one. It is the only book that will open out per-fectly flat from the first page to the last, thus enabling one to write into the fold as easily as at any part of the page. Send for circular.

Magazine, Law Book and Pamphlet binding of all kinds, rebinding, etc.

Blank Department.

All kinds of Legal Blanks for city, county and township officers, Deeds, Mortgages, Abstracts, Receipt and Note Books, Real Estate and Rental Agency Books and Blanks, Attorney's Legal Blanks, etc.

City Officers

County Officers' Books and Blanks.

Township Officers' Books and Blanks. Bank and Corporation

Lithographing, printing and bookmaking.

Abstracts.

Complete outfit furnished for abstracters, abstract blanks, take-off books, tracers, and all kinds of blanks used by abstracters. Legal Blanks

Of every kind as used by lawyers, real estate agents, county, city and township officers-Justice of the peace books and blanks.

For Township Officers. we have a complete line of blanks and books such as are used by township officers.

Seals for Notaries Public, corporations, stock companies, lodges, etc. Orders filled promptly. Also stock certificates for corporations and stock companies, either printed or

lithographed in elegant designs.

setting of minute stitches of uniform length.
"I do not see that there is anything for me
to say," she answered, in a deep monotone
that never more than hinted at leashed feeling. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell
ing. "You are very ki an alphabetical index and a diary index; shows at a glance just what date a lawyer has a case in court; keeps a complete record of the case. Handsomely bound in flexible back, a convenient size to carry in

the pocket. Endorsed by attorneys everywhere The following strong endorsement from Captain ohn H. Ash, ex-Judge of the 3th Judicial District

State of Indiana. He writes as follows:

October 5, 260.

It is the most complete and concise work of the sort I have ever met with. I cannot see how the systematic, practicing lawyer can do without it spots made in practicing lawyer can do without it should be entitled "The Lawyor's Vade Mouse."

Truly and sincerely yours,
JOHS H. ASH, Attorney at Law,
Wichita, Kansas. Price of docket \$1.00. By mail postpaid to any address upon receipt of \$1.07. Address.

R. P. MURDOCK, THE WICHITA EAGLE,



ger. Wichita, Kansas. MIMEOGRAPH. 3000 COPIES FROM ONE ORIGINAL Writing, Brawing, Music, etc. Of Type-Writer LETTERS 1500 COPIES OAN BETAKEN treto ONE original. Recommended by over 30,000 USERS.

The Eaglit is agent for the mis of the shove machine, extra supplies, etc. Addres R. P. MURDOCK,

We have a large number of appropriate cuts for use in Premium Lists—can get them out on shorter notice than any other firm. For school catalogues we have neat type faces for that especial work. Constitutions and By-Laws for Lodges, Building & Loan Associations etc. tions, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We desire to call the attention of county superintentendents, school district of iders and teachers to our line of school publications as given below. Our school records and books are now being used exclusively in quite a number of counties, and are superior to any in the market: Classification ferm Record. Record of Apportionment of State and County School Funds, Superintendent's Record of School Visits, (Pocket Size), Record of Teachers' Ability, (Pocket Size), Record of Official Acts, Annual Financial Reports, Annual Statistical Reports, School District Cerk's Record, School District Treasurer's Warrant Register, School District Cerk's Order Book, School Teacher's Bally Register, School District Boundaries, Record Teachers Employed, Receipts, Tuition Normal In titute, Receipts, Teacher's axamination, Register Hormal Institute Fund Orders on Treasurer, Orders on Normal Institute Fund Orders for Apportionment State School Fund, Orders Dividend State and County School Fund, Orders on We desire to call the attention of county superinten-

Dividend State and County School Fund, Orders on Fund from Sale of School Land, Monthly Report School District, Promotion Cards District School, Diplomas District Schools, Pupils Monthly Report.

Loan and Investment Companies. Books and blanks. Our Loan Register is now in use by loan companies generally.

Eight pages-Contains the day and night associated

The Daily Eagle.

press dispatches in rull, and the intest market reports Sample copy free. The Weekly Eagle.

Passenger and Ticket agent, 187 N. Main Estimates prom

Eight pages-Contains more state and general news and eastern dispatches than any weekly paper in the Southwest. The latest market reports up to the hour

of going to press. Sample copy free dimates promptly urnished upon work of any kind. Address. R. P. MURD CK, Business Manager.